

The Gleaner



Alumni Number

Nineteen Hundred and Sixteen

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The Gleaner

VOL. V.

JUNE, 1916

No. 11

Literæ

NATHAN B. GOLUB, Editor

SHAKESPEARE AND "MERCHANT OF VENICE"

Now that the tercentenary anniversary of the great poet has been sung and praised, and it seems that all the laurels are exhausted, I turn to sing my hymn of praise to the memory of the deceased. Yet in the attempt to do so there is always something that obstructs it; something to cloud and hide the shining star. Something to retard the lingering hand and induces me to meditate: "Was he really so great to deserve the place he occupies in the literary world?" Yes. Most great geniuses are deficient in some respect. Lord Macaulay says of Samuel Jonson: "He had a morbid propensity for sloth and procrastination." Charles Lamb had a strain of insanity, etc. However, the genius of the great poet penetrated into depths of obscure souls that to the ordinary observer were mysteries. In all his tragedies he depicted with scrupulous judgment the nature of mankind; against his own consciousness or will he unreservedly puts words into the hero's mouth which speak for themselves.

It is evident from the "Merchant

of Venice" that the author had an undervalued conception of the Jew of England. He thought of the Jew as a bloodthirsty beast, refusing to take three thousand ducats and insisting on the pound of human flesh. Yet his genius dictated to him otherwise, and against his own will he puts words into Shylock's mouth that disclose the whole injustice. He of whom mercy was demanded in so stern a manner was refused mercy and made penniless in addition to that. When the unfortunate Shylock learns of the runaway of his daughter and the stolen ducats, he knows not which to mourn more. His paternal heart is too grieved to make any concession on the trial. Was he not spurned like a dog? Does not his daughter, Jessica, run away with a Christian? That conveys to us the idea that the representation of Shylock is a congenial portrait drawn in favor of the Jew.

It is not the author to be blamed, but the age in which he lived. Even now, in this advanced stage of civilization, there is enough prejudice

on religious differences.

The poet's achievements in public life are known to almost everybody. It only remains to add that Shakespeare was an inexhaustible mine of knowledge, poesy and

mirth. Many have drunk from that fountain of poesy, many are drinking, and many will drink in future ages.

N. B. GOLUB, '17.

RETRIBUTION

PART I.

History has its eras, trade its cycles, life its span and war its horrors. War annihilates trade, shortens or terminates life, but makes history. All that might be cited against war is naught compared to the heritage it leaves mankind: a heritage that corrodes and poisons all humane sensibilities, that demolishes the best in man and woman and substitutes "hate."

In 1870 a chapter in history was written—written in fire and blood. The flaming torch followed the gleaming sword over the plains of Alsace-Lorraine. The toil of generations curled skyward in columns of smoke. Men died, but women paid a bigger penalty—deep dyed to blackness, but still warlike. The laws of war in some instances respect the property rights of civil communities, but afford no protection to the women of vanquished populations. And so it came to pass that when the war cloud rolled over Alsace-Lorraine it left in its wake waste, desolation and a girl

barely emerging from childhood bearing the burden of womanhood in her arms.

PART II.

To those who have experienced extremes, extreme temperaments are unavoidable. Madam Balen de Baleau felt her heart turn cold and stony at an immature age. Maternity alone kept a kindly spark within her. A child of shame is a child nevertheless. She hated it, and yet fondled it. She spent many hours in its company daily, weeping, laughing and talking all sorts of nonsense, as only a loving, passionate mother will do. It was a hideous reminder of the uniformed beasts who robbed her of friends, home and dignity. And yet she loved it, because it was her only consolation, the only tie between her and the rest of the world. "Poor boy," she would repeat time and time again, "we have only each other in this world!"

The boy grew and thrived as only the undesirable will. His mother's care and solicitude were rewarded

by a sturdy, active youngster, who combined in himself Teuton exactness with Celtic agility. He entered the Cadets' Corps, and soon outdistanced all competitors. In the meantime the hatred that was consuming the mother was gradually evolving into something definite, something concrete and terrible. "Retribution!" came the cry from within her. It startled her at first, but soon became quite natural. But how? She did not know, but she did know from observation that war was a disease, no more and no less. She knew the war germs to be present in the human system, and war must ensue. She took steps to prepare. Before long she was recognized as the cleverest emergency nurse in France. Her son, finding himself unhindered, joined the Foreign Legion. And so, while the entire world was manufacturing implements of murder, drilling armies and navies and talking peace, fraternity and similar bosh, a woman with silvering temples, whom bitter facts sobered of fancies, toiled and waited. "Armies and navies make war, but don't guarantee peace," she would repeat to herself. "If only the Day of Judgment would come!"

PART III.

The Day of Judgment did come, but not too soon for Madame Balen de Baleau. The year 1914 brought with it war and disillusionment. Monsieur Balen de Baleau was among those who helped in the seizure of Alsace-Lorraine. His mother followed close at his heels as head nurse. Thus the aged mother re-

paired, while the son destroyed.

One day M. Balen de Baleau stood near the hospital tent lost in reveries. Only that morning her son had returned to the trench, after having recovered from a serious wound. A stretcher containing a wounded officer in German uniform approached her rapidly. The German's face was bloody enough to baffle identity. When she entered the tent she found the nurses ministering to his needs. The head nurse waited. Suddenly the sponge revealed the well-known features of her son. "Mon Dieu!" she cried, dropping on her knees. The German opened up his eyes and looked about stupidly. Then she recognized in the wounded man a faultless copy of her son, though much younger. She breathed freer and happier.

"Madame," said the doctor, a moment later, "allow me to compliment you. Your son's skillful cannoneering rid France of a dangerous enemy. The patient here," and he pointed to the wounded German, "for a long time terrorized our officers by his aerial raids. He was an invaluable source of information to the enemy." The head nurse breathed hard, but said nothing. "Are you ill?" questioned the doctor. "No," said the head nurse. "Do you know his name?" she inquired. "Lieutenant Steinboch, Fifth Aviation Corps, as his papers tell." "And how long may he live?" continued the nurse. "Twelve hours at most," said the doctor, leaving her abruptly. She looked daggers at the helpless German, then burst out

into a bitter, satanic laugh. "At last! Ten hours, indeed! I would like to see the old scoundrel, though he must be ninety now." The scene was too disquieting, and the head nurse retreated to her tent.

PART IV.

Madame Balen de Baleau spent the greater part of the night in feverish agony. She tossed and rolled about restlessly, vainly trying to dispel the gloom, whose grip remained unshaken. The dark days of 1870 persistently crowded her mind as if they were the occurrences of yesterday. Then her thoughts turned to the German lieutenant and his father. "I was a prize of war, and he took me and blighted my life, as many another would have done," she said to herself many times. An aged man, a phantom, seemed to implore her forgiveness. Her heart softened somewhat, finally, she thought of her son. The memory of his childhood recalled the ignominious days of 1870. Her son, a child of shame, who through mere chance avenged his mother's wrongs. Just as her eyelids began to grow heavy, the

nurse on night duty stepped into her tent. "Madame," she said, "the German is dying and wishes to see you."

When the head nurse examined him a few minutes later she found that he had grown much worse during the night. She spoke two or three times before she was understood. At last he made an effort and sat up. "My father," he was whispering incoherently, "it will kill him. Tell him—my father—that — son died—in the service—" Here the hapless Teuton gasped his last.

Some weeks later Major Steinboch received the following:

"Dear Sir: Your son has just recovered from a serious wound. My congratulations. He has been decorated with the Cross of Honor for his bravery and dexterity. May we hope that he will be successful against the barbarians and marauders who are threatening the life and liberties of our people.

"Madame Balen de Baleau.
"France, December 25, 1915."

MAX KESSELMAN, '17.

Translated by L. KASKIN, '16.

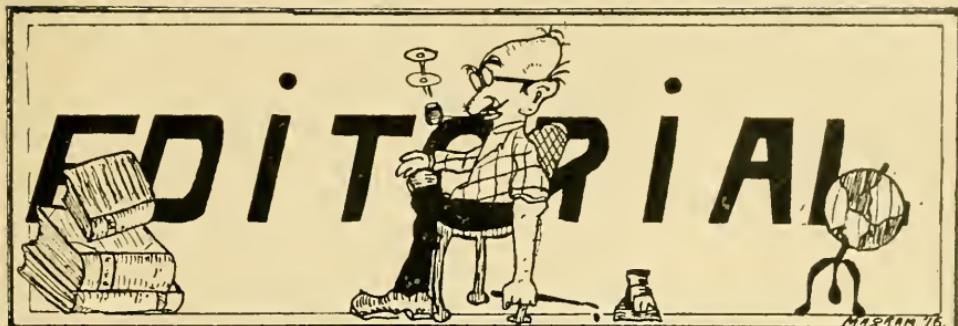
What is it that is tired before beginning to work and yet has energy after work? Answer: A Freshman.

THE TRUTH

Seniors *try* to lead the way.
Juniors *like* to have the say,
But Freshmen *must* obey.

Pouch has publicly declared his fear of becoming diabetic since he began drinking N. F. S. tea. This gives us a clue as to why our barrels of sugar are being so rapidly consumed.

Shmeil has just issued his latest song production with the title of "Don't Make Love in the Buggy, Horses Carry Tales."



The Gleaner

MAXWELL BARNET, Editor-in-Chief

NATHAN B. GOLUB, Literae

ABRAHAM GOLDSTON, Agriculture

CHARLES R. WAGNER, Athletics

WM. NAEFACH, Class and Clubs

HARRY SHUFFMAN, Exchange

ISAAC SHAPIRO, Business Manager

ABRAHAM CAMEN, Advertisements JOSEPH LEVITCH, Circulation

PHILIP H. PROUTY, Faculty Advisor

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Alumni number! What do these two simple words convey? They convey much. That our Alma Mater is dear to every one of us. It embraces each and every one. Like the prodigal son we are to our Alma Mater. Here we lay forth our sorrows and joys. Here we refresh our minds of the school days that never goes out of memory's existence. Once more to look upon the familiar buildings, walks and everything. What strange feelings,

thoughts, sentiments rise in the mind. It is loyalty to your school. Many have visited us on the "big day" and certainly showed their loyalty.

Yet, to you I must bear this message from your school paper. The paper needs your support, financially and morally. It is your sacred duty to help us. Don't stand aside and meditate. We will appreciate you.

With this issue the paper will not be published for the next two months. The staff needs a rest, but cordially entreats every student to write something for the paper. Don't linger, it will procure you honor, skill to write. Show your school spirit. Primarily this paper is for the benefit of every student and the school at large. The staff wishes to have it carried to exactitude. There are two vacancies on the staff. Show yourself. Make a tryout. You surely will profit by it.

President Wilson has issued a proclamation calling upon the patriots of America to celebrate June

(Continued from page 13)
with farm life, and much better prepared to perform our duties.

With our examinations almost finished and spring work well on its way, we are able to consider the farm and life on the farm with great appreciation.

Baseball, tennis and track are at their height, and we find ourselves well represented in all.

R. S., '19.

LITERARY SOCIETY

The Literary Society is progressing in every aspect. The membership is steadily increasing, and, although the hot weather conditions are unfavorable for a large attendance, the meetings are well attended.

An invitation to join the United Literary Societies of Bucks County was cordially extended to us. The society sought admission into this coalition previously but was unsuccessful. We are pleased to answer

14th, which is known as Flag Day

The object is to strive for an America "which no man can corrupt, no influence draw away from its ideals, and no force divide against itself."

While we hear of nations conflicting bloodily between themselves, we, the American people, will wage a "war of Peace" throughout our land.

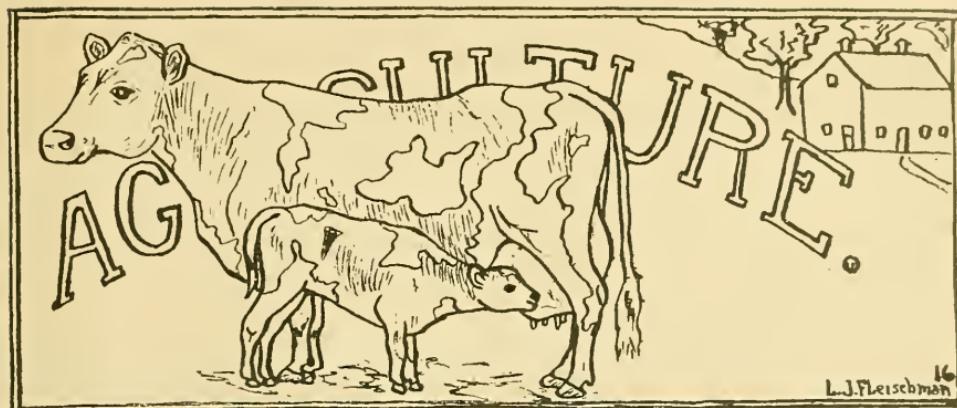
International matters can be settled arbitrarily among nations instead of by the present system which is a relic of ancient times, and should not have even made its appearance even in a rudimentary form in this, the twentieth century!

their cordial invitation favorably. As yet, we are not officially admitted, but we hope to send delegates to their semi-annual meeting on August 5, 1916.

The benefit derived from this coalition is recognition. Through this we will be able to promote student activities, obtain a good and wide reputation of the school and better student life.

The Literary Society will be closed during the months of July and August. The officers and members of our organization need a rest. Furthermore, the hot summer weather in those months is very unfavorable for literary activities. We hope to start zealously and vigorously in September. President Golub urges every one to compete very strongly for a position on the debating squad. The program of our fall and winter season will be comprised mainly of debates.

J. K., '18.



L.J. Fleischman 16

ABE GOLDSTON, Editor

THE RELATION OF BIRDS TO FARM ECONOMY

Annually millions of dollars' worth of damage is done to American farm crops by insect pests. If this loss could be prevented, the income from farm crops would be more than double.

Within the past few years agriculturists have become acquainted with the fact, that where birds predominate, ravages from insect pests are less than in sections where birds are few.

The United States Department of Agriculture has set apart reservations for the purpose of raising birds that are insectivorous.

Already fifty-one reservations exist in the United States and its domains. Among the most unique and interesting of these is the Hawaiian Island reservation. It is in mid Pacific Ocean, and occupies a few barren islands that are useless for any other purpose.

Here millions of birds and fowls are raised so they can be shipped throughout the States to aid in controlling insect pests. And at the

same time it incurs very little expense on the Agricultural Department.

The same thing is carried on in fifty other reservations, of which too much cannot be said.

Birds may be partial feeders on fruit or grain, but the good they do in feeding on insects greatly overbalances the harm done in feeding on grain and fruit.

States have authorized laws which prevent the destruction of useful birds and fowls. Nature study clubs, with the aid of the state and government, publish documents which educate the farmer in the good that birds do, so that he will not destroy them but give them the best care possible.

In some parts of the country it would be utterly impossible to check the ravages of certain insect pests were it not for the birds which inhabit these regions and become gross feeders on the insects.

Even our dreaded English sparrow, in some parts of the country,

is very beneficial, as he is a heavy feeder on the cotton and alfalfa weevils.

We are greatly indebted to the scientists who have made the life and habits of our birds their chief study, thus preventing the destruction of our most valuable birds. And to-day it is up to the farmers' discretion whether he should have the joys which the birds bring, or the sorrows which couch behind the vast armies of insect pests.

A. R. GOLDSTON, '17.

FARM NOTES

Main Farm. Owing to rainy weather which we had recently, we are a little behind with the planting of our corn, but expect to catch up soon, as our new corn planter will be of great use. Our new asparagus bed has already been set out. We look forward for a good hay crop.

A. L. '17.

Farm No. 1. Our peas and oats are coming up in fine shape. Our

corn is mostly planted with the exception of a 3-acre patch.

C. J., '17.

Farm No. 3. We are well on our way with the planting of corn, and already have signs of a good crop.

Our potato patch is coming along fine, and our lima bean field is ready to be planted.

J. S., '17.

ORCHARD DEPARTMENT

We have applied our second spray, which is readily destroying the tent caterpillar.

Owing to the wet weather our peach orchard is beginning to show signs of leaf curl.

A. G., '17.

HORTICULTURAL DEPT.

We are now kept busy with our work in the nursery. The landscape work on our campus is nearing completion. The tomatoes in the lower house show signs of yielding a bumper crop.

E. P.

Lank Miller has declined all offers from the opera stages in order to complete his advanced studies in the cultivation of his voice at N. F. S.

FARM LOGIC

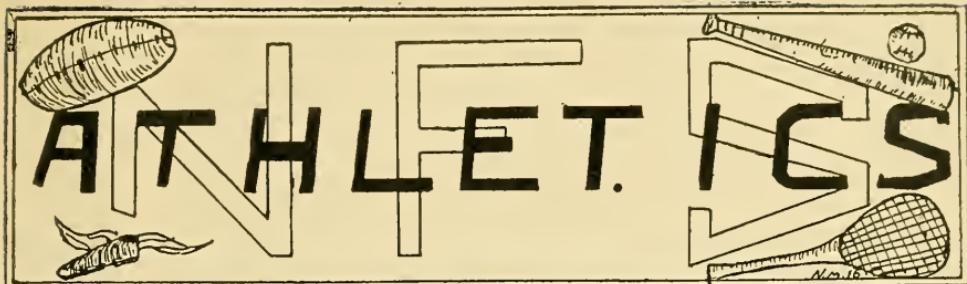
Weisman says if the bit in a horse's mouth is for guiding him in the front, then the crupper under

his tail must be to guide his tail end.

IN THE ORCHARD

Szold (while thinning peaches): "I think it is a shame that I must throw away so many good peaches."

Kruglack: "You don't heff to do dat; I jest pinch dem an dey fall off demselves."



CHARLES R. WAGNER, Editor

FARM SCHOOL, 2; STATE NORMAL, 7

On May 20th, the team accompanied by many rooters, traveled to Trenton, New Jersey, where they played the State Normal team.

Owing to Wagner's illness we were handicapped as to whom to use as pitcher. Manager Burger displayed skill in this position, and he was used in this game, but on account of lack of practice and poor support the game was lost by a score of 7 to 2. Line-up:

Roset 1. f..... Hill
 Kaufman s.s..... McCusken
 Joffee 3d b..... Anderson
 McCool c. f..... Wachado
 Koshowsky 1st b..... Stanton
 Levitch r. f..... Steward
 Wilensky, Capt. 2 b..... Josenda
 Burger p..... French, Capt.
 Segal c..... Johnson

Utility—Camen, Leib, Bowston.

FARM SCHOOL, 8; PERKASIE ALUMNI, 7

May 27th netted us the first vic-

tory of the season. The game played on the home grounds was a hotly contested one, and up to the seventh inning defeat stared us in the face. In this inning Leib started a rally which brought us two runs. The score at the end of the seventh inning climbed from 6-3 to 6-5. In the ninth the score was tie, 7-7, and Wagner, though weak, was put into the box. He held the opponents and prevented them from scoring. At the end of the tenth inning Kaufman's "Texas leaguer" brought Roset in and the game was ours. Such cheering was never before displayed on Farm School grounds. Score:

Roset 2d b..... Henlich
 Kaufman s.s..... Besch, Capt.
 McCool c. f..... Dillem
 Camen 1. f..... Harwig
 Koshowsky 1st b..... Yerkle
 Levitch r. f..... Broughlen
 Wilensky, Capt. 3d b..... Cressmen
 J. Segal c..... Bishop
 Burger p..... Wilner
 Utility—Bowers, Leib, Wagner,
 Joffee.

TENNIS

Tennis proves to be one of Farm School's most interesting sports. It is as exciting as one could desire, going, at times, as high as nine games, for both sides before the final point can be decided upon. The fact that seventy-five (75) per cent. of the students participate in tennis, helps to prove it to be one of the most enjoyable branches of athletics.

Though suffering from the want of courts, owing to the increased interest taken in the game and consequently the increment of competition for the 1917 team will undoubtedly be the greatest in the history of Farm School.

The wonderful tennis played last season between Camp Arden and this school, coupled with the hard fought battles during the year, and many other facts that increased the name "tennis" to be on the tongue of every student, all combined to give tennis the greatest boost, in the way of publicity, that its admirers could wish for.

Last year's results were very apparent this early spring. The cry for extra courts sprung up like the proverbial mushrooms. Many scoffers who had heretofore considered tennis child's play, were fairly driven to the courts, when aching muscles soon proved to them the tremendous exercise derived from it.

Our freshies highly appreciate the value of tennis, but still there remains a sort of bashful feeling

within them that prevents the majority of their class from taking part in the game. Wake up freshmen, you will never get anywhere by remaining bashful! Don't wait for any one to cordially invite you to step upon the court, for you will be sadly disappointed. The upper classmen take all they can get and then ask for more. I want you to act exactly as they. Inoculate the Farm School "pep" into your system and you will actually play on the court instead of longing to be there.

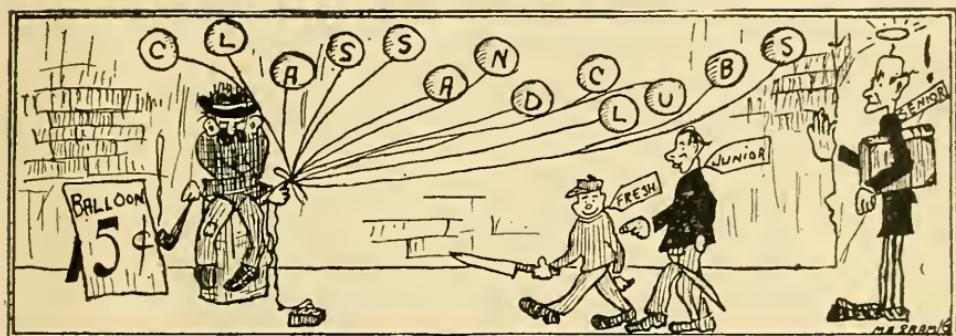
ARTHUR A. CAMEN,
Tennis Manager.

TRACK

This year, more than ever, there is an unusual interest in track. We are greatly handicapped, though, on account of improper training facilities and attention necessarily given towards candidates after practice.

Manager Pech has arranged a triangular meet between Y. M. H. A., of Philadelphia, Pa.; Keneseth Israel Alumni, Philadelphia, and N. F. S., to be held at our grounds on June 11th. There are medals to be awarded for the events; also a cup to be striven for by the teams. Permanent possession is obtained by three consecutive victories. The cup is given through the generosity of Mr. Herbert D. Allman, of Philadelphia.

The Annual Inter-Class Meet, to be held on Sunday, May 28th, was called off until an indefinite date, due to the improper condition of the grounds on that day.



WM. NAEFACH, Editor

1917 CLASS

After a lengthy wait and continuous discussion, we have at last decided upon the design of our graduating pin. As we look at the graceful design, we seniors congratulate and pat ourselves on our shoulders for having such good taste. The pin is neat to the true sense of the word.

The annual interclass track meet will be held sometime in the near future. We have excellent material with which to put up a good fight. If the day is good we, no doubt, will add another victory to our class record.

Mr. Pech has been unanimously elected captain of the track team, and we wish him the best of luck.

A. A. C., '17.

1918 CLASS

At a recent meeting of the juniors, Fishman was elected football manager of the '18 team for the coming fall. Manager Fishman

will have the support of every member of the class, and we expect to put a winning team on the field.

We are looking forth to the coming inter-class track meet and baseball game. Manager Rovin is training a track team and we expect, or rather feel sure, that victory will be on our side.

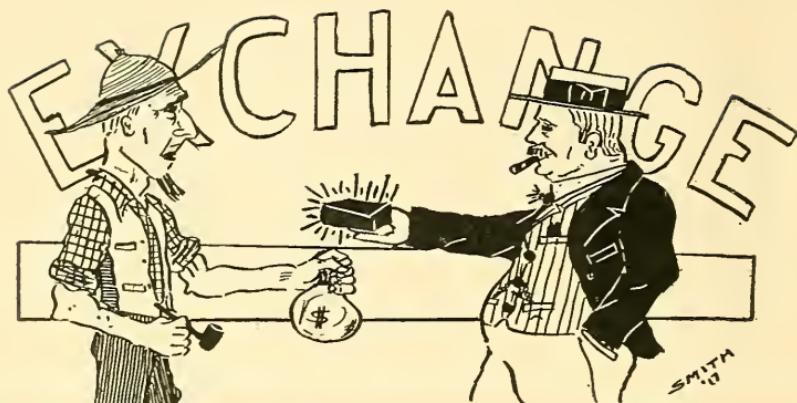
As for baseball, we are happy to announce that a victory on our side is inevitable. Our fellows are showing up splendidly, and we are hopeful and cheerful.

D. R., '18.

1919 CLASS

Our inauguration, at which some of our country's most noted men spoke, was held on Sunday, June 4th. It was considered the best in the history of the school and that is saying much.

The three months already spent here find us much better acquainted
(Continued on Page 8)



HARRY SCHUFFMAN, Editor

We beg to announce the receipt of the following exchanges: Orange and Black, Irwinian, Archive, Hilltop, Garnet and White, Red and Blue, H. A. S. Record, Polyania, Brown and White, Vail-Deane Budget (Elizabeth, N. J.), Blue and Gray, The Courier, Signal (N. J. State Normal), Delaware College Review, The Iris, The Student (Covington, Ky.), The Blue Bird, Breccia, The Mirror (Bethlehem, Pa.), The Oriole, Argylite, The Bulletin (Montclair, N. J.), The Student (Portsmouth, Va.), Southron, The Review (Philadelphia Trades School), Pivot, Red and Black.

The Garnet and White—The Garnet and White is indeed a bright, clever and snappy paper. The addition of school notes and

the introduction of some other department, such as "Science" or "Industrial Notes," would not only expand but also add variety to the paper.

The Hilltop (Dickinson High School)—The Hilltop does stand on the heights of success. The most commendable feature is the School-Notes department, which is arranged with original and artistic cuts.

The Archive—The Archive needs very little comment. It has ever stood in the foremost rank of school papers, offering excellent stories, good editorials and up-to-date jokes. However, The Archive can be justly criticized on the grounds that it is not truly representative of its school, being run entirely by members of the senior

class.

Red and Black (Hillsboro High School)—The Red and Black is a bright, interesting and well-conducted magazine from the South.

The use of a few cuts and finer paper would enable the Red and Black to be compared favorably with the best of its northern contemporaries.

WITH OUR GRADUATES

Big Day is ever a joyous occasion to the students of the N. F. S. On June 4th, the fourteenth spring pilgrimage in the history of the school, there were gathered from various parts of the country a large number of graduates. They not only discussed the "happy days" at the school, but also brought to the students interesting information from the outside agricultural world.

Among those present were: Chas. Horn, '12, Secretary of the N. F. S. Alumni Association and Superintendent of the Vacant Lots Cultivation Society of Philadelphia; James Work, '13, who is president of the Alumni Association, and who is quite successful on his general and dairy farm at Perkiomenville, Pa.; Samuel Lechner, '14, who was formerly Editor-in-Chief of the Gleaner, and who is

now in business in New York City; Philip Light, '15, who is managing an estate in Suffern, N. Y.; Arthur Levintow, '16, and Mike Lelector, '16, both of whom represent the Michell Seed Company at Andalusia, Pa.; Leon Fleischman, '16, who is engaged in general farming near Willow Grove, Pa.; Pincus Handcherow, '16, who is managing the large Janowitz estate in New York, where he has already introduced new crops. "Pinkie" has also joined the farmers' grange; Chas. Abrams, '16, who is engaged in truck and general farming at Falsington, Pa.; Philip Amrun, '13, who is operating a modern farm at New Brunswick, N. J. Amrun produces truck, poultry, eggs, etc., which products he sells directly to the consumers.

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